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N.C. Artillery (Volunteers)  
Confederate States Army  
Woodbury Wheeler

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## THE HISTORY OF THE BATTALION OF NORTH CAROLINA ARTILLERY (VOLUN- TEERS,) CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY, KNOWN AS THE "TENTH."

PREPARED BY WOODBURY WHEELER,\* CAPTAIN  
COMPANY "D," 10TH BATTALION.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 19th, 1894.

*Capt. Woodbury Wheeler, My Comrade:*

At the last meeting of the Confederate Veterans Association, I was appointed a Committee to secure one soldier from each Regiment to write a brief history of his Regiment with a view to publication by the State. I have selected you for your command, and respectfully, but earnestly request that you accept the duty thus imposed on you at the instance of your surviving comrades. The length and tenor of the sketch is left to your judgment; but an average of ten pages for each regiment, will give us a volume of 750 pages of very valuable matter which in a few years would otherwise be lost to the world. You are very busy, and that is one reason you are selected. Only busy men have the energy and the talent to do work. You have doubtless forgotten much, but you can get access to the "Rebellion Record" published by U. S. Government, and "Moore's Roster" printed by our State. You can also refresh your memory by correspondence with those of your command

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\*The author of this sketch is a son of the late John H. Wheeler, author of a history of North Carolina. His MSS. of Reminiscences of Eminent North Carolinians were printed by this son after the death of the author, and so saved to our State. Born in Lincoln, N. C., the writer of this sketch, at the age of 19, entered the service of North Carolina and served four years, as briefly epitomized in this paper.

who are fortunately still living. Your record as a soldier satisfies me you will not decline this post of duty. Send me the MSS. if possible by March 1st, next.

I respectfully request that you write the history of the N. C. Battalion in which you served in the War.

Please acknowledge your acceptance of this assignment to duty, the last which the Confederate Soldiers can ask of you, that I may enter your name on the list to be filed with the Veterans Association. Believe me to be, with highest regard and esteem,

Fraternally yours,

WALTER CLARK.

The above courteous request of comrade Walter Clark to prepare this sketch would be equivalent to an order from headquarters that must be obeyed. Moore in his "Roster" of North Carolina troops, who served in the armies of the Confederacy, calls this the Eighth Battalion, (IV, 359) and gave our number to the battalion of men detailed as artizans (395); how the error occurred in the War Department Records, he does not explain. But from the foundation of the battalion, in May 1865, it was always known and mustered as the "Tenth Battalion of North Carolina Artillery."

The engineer officers of the Confederate Army were probably as fine a body of experts as ever existed;—whenever they projected lines of defence around any important point we might rest assured that these had been planned and completed according to the most approved system. At the entrances of the Cape Fear River and also around the City of Wilmington, every point was made as impregnable as possible. When these entrenchments were finished several artillery regiments were formed for the special garrison of the same; as President Davis remarked, he had sent his most skillful officers to the defence of the place—referring then more especially to that knightly soldier, Gen. W.

H. C. Whiting, who died, January 21st, 1865, from wounds received whilst defending the attack on Fort Fisher.

To this necessity of creating a force for the defence of Wilmington does the "Tenth Battalion" owe its formation. In February 1862, we find the first enlistments were made for the battalion, and on May 13th of that year, the Major, (Wilton L. Young of Alabama) was commissioned to command the three companies then composing the organization. Subsequently, in April 1863, Company "D" was formed and Woodbury Wheeler made its Captain. The men were nearly all from the western counties of our state.

Some one has said that in writing any account of a battle or a campaign each writer's narrative must necessarily be more or less personal in its nature. Captain Wheeler had served during the first six months of the war as adjutant of the 16th regiment; he first entered the service at the "Fair Grounds" in Raleigh, as a drill sergeant, in May 1861; in the fall of that year the War Department directed that all adjutants should be detailed from the line officers, so he was "mustered out" as adjutant, after serving, under General Robert E. Lee, in the campaign around Cheat Mountain, Virginia. The War Department gave him orders to serve as ordinance officer to a brigade of North Carolina troops then defending Drury's Bluff, Virginia; this brigade afterwards came to Goldsboro, when Foster's raid occurred, and from there Captain Wheeler's orders directed him to Wilmington, where he was put in command of Company "D" of this battalion under orders from the War Department. The duties of this command were important, but not brilliant; in the summer season they were ordered out of the city either to

the forts at the mouth of the Cape Fear or to the "Sound," to prevent any inroads from that direction.

It was whilst the battalion was stationed at Fort Caswell that a raid was made by the enemy, from their fleet to the headquarters of our General at Smithville, which for daring could hardly be surpassed. Following the channel, which was necessarily left open to admit our English friends, in their blockade-running steamers, these raiders, commanded by the same Lieutenant Wm. B. Cushing, who afterwards destroyed the ironclad "Albermarle," with equal intrepidity, came within pistol shot of our sentries; passed batteries that could have hurled tons of shot and shell upon them, and landing at the Smithville wharf, went immediately to the General's quarters. He fortunately was at Wilmington on that night; but when his chief of staff raised the window to find out the cause of the commotion on the porch, the end of a revolver was thrust in his face with a demand for his surrender. The result of this raid was the capture of the engineer officer only. The alarm was promptly given, all the batteries opened fire on the channel-way—dark as Erebus although it was. Cushing fled to his gunboat, lying in as near as she could to the fort, and then putting on a full head of steam turned his vessel seaward. In his great haste he ran into another gunboat, the "Peterhoff," and she sank in less than ten minutes.

The next day one of the fleet came in near the Fort again, but its white flag at the peak was not observed. Our Whitworth gun was unlimbered and made ready for action; the command to fire was on the lips of the Lieutenant in charge, when the vessel stopped and turned her broadside towards the fort, and not until **then** was the flag of truce at her mast-head spread out



by the breeze so we could see it. A small boat came ashore for the Engineer-officer's personal effects and brought a note of adieu from him to his late comrades. We never saw him again.

The Whitworth gun mentioned was a terror to the enemy; its range was immense, its accuracy that of a sharpshooter. The blockading fleet was by it compelled to keep so far from the fort that the English steamers easily made the port. The great war governor, Zebulon B. Vance, appreciated the importance and necessity of using these English-built steamers to supply his brave troops with the sinews of war, as well as subsistence.

It had been the policy of President Davis to put an embargo on cotton and thus make the great powers of Europe raise the Federal blockade to obtain a supply of this great product of the South; so the inland cities of the South had about this time great rows of cotton bales, making cumbersome curb-lines for their streets, awaiting this raising of the blockade of the enemy. The Governor of North Carolina did not believe in this policy and determined to supply his men with what they needed as soldiers, and by exchanging cotton for meat and bread so help them and their families. One of the largest vessels which ran the blockade at this point was purchased by our state, and she was christened the "Advance." By her many cargoes of the priceless necessities of life were brought to Wilmington, and the North Carolina troops heaped blessings on their Governor's name for this evidence of his care and tender regard.

The "Sumter," the great Admiral Semmes's first ship, once came into this port and brought on that trip two "Blakely" guns, of such great size, that they

were stood on their end in the forward part of the vessel and around their muzzles some of the larger ropes of the ship were wound. These guns were put on the "Battery" at Charleston, an interior line, and although costing many thousands of dollars, never had the opportunity of firing a shot at the enemy.

In the winter the lines of entrenchment around the City of Wilmington were picketed by this battalion; so long were these lines, the duty was most arduous. During the winter the battalion also became the provost guard of the city. Wilmington was the last port held by the Confederacy, and the fleet of English blockade runners on the river front became very numerous, with them came many Northern spies. The city was patrolled constantly, every "suspect" was hunted down and brought in with a file of soldiers at his back, and the rough element, male and female, adventurers of every class, were kept in subjection as far as possible. The duties of a provost-guard whilst most necessary are nevertheless irksome. The author of this sketch sought relief by seeking a new command, and General Matt. W. Ransom had him ordered to his headquarters in Virginia with the rank of Major of Artillery, P. A. C. S. This order was never received; it is supposed to have fallen into the hands of General Sherman when Savannah was evacuated.

The battalion however, had work enough from December 1864 to the end of the war to satisfy the most ambitious soldier, and during the next five months there was hardly a day "which they could call their own." General Sherman had "cut loose" from his base of supplies. The plan to divert his raid across Georgia was frustrated by the repulse of Hood's army at Franklin, Tenn, and Federal forces moved across



the State of Georgia with comparatively little opposition. So soon as Savannah was found to be the "objective point" of Sherman's march, its defence was assigned to Lieut. Gen'l. W. J. Hardee, a most gallant officer of world-wide reputation, and this battalion was put into the trenches around that city. Our narrative, to a certain extent, becomes personal again at this point; the writer was in hospital, suffering from rheumatism, when the command left Wilmington. The lines of entrenchment around Wilmington which the command had picketted for so many days and nights and guarded so zealously, were to be left by them to other hands to defend when assaulted by the enemy. The writer came with the command to Augusta, Georgia, and there all soldiers who had already seen services at the front, but were now doing "post duty," once more volunteered to return to the field and defend the State. The enthusiasm was intense and the writer, although in hospital, reported for such duty as he might be able to perform. He was made chief of artillery to this command of veterans. From Augusta the brigade thus formed was thrown, with the 10th battalion, into Savannah just as Sherman appeared before that city, and Capt. Wheeler's command there consisted of twelve batteries, along the line of defence in the immediate vicinity of the beautiful rice farm of General Lawton. The 10th battalion was serving as infantry immediately to the right of these batteries. Here for nearly twenty days the command was almost continuously under fire.

The army commanded by General Sherman was well nigh invincible, rude and truculent though it seemed at times, but made up as it was of the brawn and muscle of the great Northwest, it became a "scourge of God," a

dire punishment to the South. Their ancestors, for the large part, were of the emigrants from the Carolinas and Virginia; they were fired by an intense devotion to the Union and its preservation, and freed from all abolition, cant, or puritanical hypocrisy, it was as fine a command as the world ever saw. They were Americans and for the most part "War Democrats."

For days and days of that cold December (1864) Sherman's men would form in skirmish line, on the edge of the woods, and move across the "opening" right up to the range of our canister and grape shot before they could be driven back to cover. During the weeks of siege, our General found out that the coil was being tightened around his devoted command. Fighting for "home and fatherland," his small force was doing all that could be done to save the lovely city entrusted to them, and yet we all began to think that before the winter closed we would be in prison at Fort Delaware or on Johnson Island; still we stood to our guns and did our duty.

Inside of these lines there was an infantry battalion whose officers were some of our best young men, noble in heart and in spirit, cadets of some of the oldest families in the Carolinas, but the rank and file were made up of men who had been captured by our armies in various battles. These we called "galvanized Yankees." True they were nearly all foreigners, mostly Irishmen, who cared for neither side especially, but had been first regularly enlisted in the Federal army. If captured, they knew they would be tried for desertion, for they now "wore the gray." Amongst them was a young sergeant, a native of Delaware, he came with the battalion, thus made up, and they bivouaced immediately in rear of the line of batteries commanded by Captain

Wheeler. They soon "took in the situation," and almost felt like the rope was around their necks. Who could blame them for their desire to escape such a fate?

One night a gigantic Irish corporal in this command, because he had become so devoted to one of the Confederate officers over him, revealed a plot which had been formed to spike the guns of our main battery, kill or capture the officers near by and go over into Sherman's lines. The young Delaware sergeant was the originator of the plot. Several regiments from another portion of our line surrounded this unhappy band and their guns were speedily taken from them. A drum head court-marshal was held, and in less than an hour our young Delaware sergeant and six others, at the hour of midnight, were duly executed by sentence of this court; the residue of the command was passed through our lines to the rear. Our General was tried after the war under orders of the War Department at Washington for the execution of these conspirators, but of course he was acquitted.

The end of the siege came at last; one evening, long into the dark, we shelled the woods in front of our batteries, and kept the enemies from having any fires at all, but when our Headquarter's band finally struck up "Dixie," they all yelled at us "Played out! Played out!" For some cause or other they did not return our fire on that night at all, and it was about eleven o'clock when we silently marched down the City road, lined by the great live oak trees, with their long festoons of waiving moss and vines which swung backwards and forward, in the pale moonlight, they seemed to be ghosts of our departed hopes. We passed through the City and just as the clocks in the steeples struck "one!"

our command had reached the center of the dikes in the rice fields, which border the Carolina side of the Savannah river.

No pursuit of us was attempted. They were perfectly willing to "play quits" after weeks of constant duelling.

At our first halt the Georgia troops being "Home Guards" insisted that they should be returned to their State. And as a legitimate operation of the doctrine of State's rights, they were returned. This forced General Hardee to uncover Charleston and that great citadel fell.

A letter to Captain Wheeler from his immediate commander in the siege of Savannah is here inserted.

HD. QRS. BROWNE'S BRIDGE, GA.,  
AUGUSTA, Jan'y. 12th, 1865.

*My Dear Captain:—*

I much regret to hear that you are about to leave this part of the country. I was in hopes that in the coming emergency in this neighborhood I should have had the advantage of your services in charge of the artillery on the lines which I shall have to defend. I can not allow you to leave without expressing to you my thanks for the efficient service rendered me by you on the lines near Savannah. Your skill as an artillery officer, your prompt obedience of orders, your energy and vigilance under trying and difficult circumstances deserve the highest commendation. Although physically unfit for service you voluntarily assumed arduous and important duties, which you performed most efficiently. Wherever you go, you have my best wishes. I know you will do your duty; and let me assure you that if it is ever in my power to serve you, I will do so cheerfully.

Very faithfully your friend,

(Signed) WM. M. BROWNE,  
Brig. Genl.

This General had served on President Davis's staff and was a most accomplished soldier and gentleman.

Then came the campaign of the Carolinas, under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston. It was on March 19, 1865 that there occurred a contest at Bentonsville, which for fierceness and vigor might be well honored with the title of a battle; it was the last fought in the Eastern portion of the Confederacy.

Our General discovered that one side of the railroad was occupied by one of the wings of Sherman's army and the other side by the residue of his force. He precipitated his whole command on the federal corps commanded by General Slocum, and gave that distinguished officer a pretty thorough scare; with about 14,000 men, he captured three guns, many prisoners and drove the enemy back several miles. He certainly taught the commander of that wing that our shot and shell were not yet all gone; but in three days the other portion of the army came to the relief of the one attacked, and against a united command of near 100,000 men our army of not more than 20,000 could not remain long in position.

The retreat across our own native State next followed. The only hope we had was to make a junction with General Lee's army and make a combined assault on either one of the armies of the enemy. That hope, was not realized, and so on May 1st, 1865 at Greensboro, North Carolina, the writer was duly paroled with the battalion and became once more a civilian, "in accordance with the terms of the Military Convention, entered into on the 26th of April 1865 between General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army, and Major General W. T. Sherman, commanding the United States army in North Carolina, and he was permitted to return to his home, not to be disturbed by

the United States authorities so long as he observed this obligation and obeyed the laws in force where he may reside." This parole is signed by

T. B. ROY, A. A. Genl, C. S. A.

Commissioner.

And WM. HARTSTUFF,

Brev. Brig. Genl. and

A. I. G., U, S. A.,

Special Commissioner.

Respectfully submitted,

WOODBURY WHEELER,

Formerly Capt. Co. "D." 10th Bat'ln, N. C. Art'y.

Major Art'y P. A. C. S.

## CHATTAWKA OR CHAUTAUQUA—ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

### THE INDIAN NAME FOR THE SITE OF NEW BERN.

Where may be found the origin and first record of this name, now so widely known through its association with literary societies? This writer believes, and claims, that it was first used at some period not known, but prior to 1703, by the Tuscarora tribe of Indians as the name of the present site of the town of New Bern, North Carolina, and that the earliest record of its orthography is that of *Chattawka*. The evidence in support of this claim is recited in the article following, and is based upon old historical writings, the originals of which are still in existence, and not upon tradition, legend or hearsay.

Mention of the name is first found, so far as is



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